ON THE OZARKS' CREST

The politic property of the country that is being written these days in this little town, a small rairoad eating place on the crest of the Ozarks, where the wintry wind whistles through the gnarled branches of the oland, But there was no overwhelming abound, so the state have been put through a cross-examination such as is seldom seen of the line the rugged streets and the snow lies inches deep during half of the year. Mansfeld is the metropolis of the country for miles around, springing into bustling life "when the road went through" a decade ago. Two hundred souls make their habitations here; a good hotel in which the strange were readed in the property of the country and nothing could stem the time the rugged streets and the snow lies inches deep during half of the year. Mansfeld is the metropolis of the country for miles around, springing into bustling life "when the road went through" a decade ago. Two hundred souls make their habitations here; a good hotel in which the stations here; a good hotel in which the stations

Springfield Jail

Where the

hearingwa

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and only killing one. We tracked one that they had missed into a hole, and then they began to talk about 'Kittle' again. One of those fellows pulled a ferret out of his pocket, slipped it down into the hole and knelt over the opening.

"That's the kind of hunters they were. They were regular pot hunters. I told Annie I could shoot that ferret the minute he came out, but she said we'd better tell them we didn't go gunning with ferrets, or 'kittles,' as they called them. In about a jiffy there was a drumming noise heard in the hole, and like a shot out of a gun the frenzied rabbit leaped out of the hole against the breast of the man in front and he caught it without any trouble. Then he hit the poor thing on the back of the neck and killed it.

"That made me mad. Annie said that anybody who would hunt that way would steal robin's eggs and I guess that's so. I quit the game right then and there. We went in on our own hook, and they followed us. Seeing this we went just where we knew there were few if any rabbits, and while we picked up four more by dinner time—making ten in all—they didn't get another one.

"We returned home and told Beach about it, and when those fellows came in at night the men in the hotel gave them a great talking to."

HE IS 117 YEARS OLD.

HE IS 117 YEARS OLD.

Abraham Elmer, of Utien, N. Y., Is Perhaps the Oldest Citizen in the United States.

Abraham Elmer is the oldest person in New York state—possibly in the United States. He is certainly the oldest of the survivors of the war of 1812, of whom there are at present, according to the official records, about eight.

The only affliction which has befallen Mr.

Elmer is blindness. His hearing is slight ly affected, but those around him he un derstands quite read ily. He eats heart ily, sleeps soundly and is cheerful and contented. His hair is iron gray. Aside from the fact that his face is heavily wrinkled, he does not look older than 80. He was born and town of Warren,
Herkimer county, N.
Y., January 25, 1782.
He was born and
brought up on a farm,
though he learned
the trade of a sheethough he learned the trade of a shoe-maker. He lived in Warren about eight



MISCOY

warren about eight years. When 30 years old e went to Sack- Abraham Elmer. ett's Harbor to enlist for the war of 18f2 and joined the Fourth regiment, under Colonel Bellinger. He served two years.

When he was 36 years old he married Miss Eva Cluss, aged 17, of Black River. N. Y. She bore him eleven children, eight boys and three girls. Of the children six boys and one girl are still living. The oldest son is 86 years old and the youngest 41. Two sons were killed in the war of '61.

Mr. Elmer's people have tried for years to obtain a pension for him, but so far all efforts have been in vain. He believes he is the only soldier of the war of 1812 who does not draw a pension. He is in needy circumstances. circumstances.

Mr. Elmer has always voted the Demo-

cratic ticket. He had never lost a vote until McKinley was elected, when he was too weak to venture out of the house. DEADHEAD IN A FLEETING SHOW

And the Kicker, True to His In-

stincts, Was Raising a Funn. From the Washington Star. Fate, with wonted levity, had thrown

the sour and taciturn man into the company of the talkative citizen in the railway That was quite an exciting game of football, wasn't it?" said the latter, as he

shoved a newspaper into the inside pocket of his fur-trimmed overcoat. "I never read about football," was the solemn reply. "Such things are mere van-ity. How true it is," he added almost tearfully, "that this world is but a fleeting

show! "Of course. That's one way of looking at it. I've felt that way about it myself. We all feel that way sometimes. But let me ask you something. Are you putting

me ask you something. Are you putting in your money and hustling around to make this world any better?"

"What's the use?"

"Well, you'll excuse me for questioning you. But you referred to the world as a fleeting show. I'm a theatrical manager, and I'm interested in anything in the show line. Now, I notice that you ain't in any hurry to get out of this world, are you?"

"No: I can't truly say that I am. The instinct of self-destruction—"

"That's all right. You didn't pay anything to get into this fleeting show, did you?"

"Certainly not."

Certainly not." "There you are. There's the old, old story right in a nutshell. I never in my life saw a deadhead who wasn't a kicker." Getting Started.

From the Washington Star. "We must economize, musn't we?" said young Mrs. Torkins.
"I'm ufraid so." answered her husband.
"Well, I'm going down town to-day, and I know you are going to be surprised to see how chenply I buy things. So as soon as you can you must write me a check for some money to economize with."

Revenge.

From the Chicago Tribune. "Got drunk and lost your job, did you? What are you going to do now?" "I did think of committing suicide, but there's no satisfaction in that. I shall either go to selling lish horns or write a topical song."



received 54 of the 93 votes cast. Twelve of sixteen Republicans voted for Clark.

The New York Herald tells as follows the story of the bitter rivalry between the two copper kings: On the Lake Shore limited an afternoon

or two ago Marcus Daly, turfman, "copper ng" and political boss, started from New York for Montana to take personal charge of the fight to defeat his long time enemy W. A. Clark for the senate. As ever, he was about as silent as the sphinx, but fate itself could not be more fixed than was he in his determination to work for Clark's

in his determination to work for Clark's downfall.

"It's a war, with no peace ahead, for neither knows how to surrender or even to strike a truce."

Thus an old Montanian described to me this fierce struggle now raging in Helena between Clark and Daly for a United States senatorship. These Western millionaires, both almost as well known in New York as in Montana, have grappled in many contests before, but never in one so bitter and sensational as is this one. Charges of bribery and conspiracy have been flying as thick as shrapnel at Santiago.

Charges of bribery and conspiracy have been flying as thick as shrappel at Santiago.

The climax was reached when State Senator Whiteside arose in his seat at Helena the other day and flaunted thirty \$1,000 bills before his astounded colleagues, declaring that they had been given him to buy five votes—his own and four others—for W. A. Clark for the senate. For a moment Clark's friends were dazed, but it was only for a moment, for they have measured swords with the Daly partisans too often to be routed by any single assault, however spirited and unexpected.

For nearly a score of years the history of this Clark-Daly feud. Even in the political history of the nation there are many traces of the feud, for it has determined congressmen and senators and electoral votes. In Montana it was absolutely decisive in locating the state capital, and its effects have been felt in the business and politics of

ing the state capital, and its effects have been felt in the business and politics of



nearly every county and city. Not only Silver Bow, which has been Clark's home county, and Deer Lodge, where Daly has resided, have been scotched, but the scars of the strife mark the state from Fort Assiniboine across to Fort Missoula, like some dark and flinty stratum in the Rockies.

Speaking of the cause of the feud, a gentleman who has lived long in Montana and who has known Daly and Clark well for many years, said to me:

"A good many years ago Daly and Clark were warm friends and business partners. Together they bought a large tract of lard not far from Butte. Clark took a trip to Europe, where he remained for some time, perhaps even then acquiring that knowledge of art which has brought him into prominence as a discriminating critic and buyer in recent years.

convincing Evidence.

Convincing Evidence.

From Puck.

Friend—"That song of yours has become yeary popular, hasn't it?"

The song writer—"Yes; I've heard a number of people swearing at it."

prominence as a discriminating critic and buyer in recent years.

"Out in Montana Marcus Daly was left in charge of the property. He was not interested in art; his shrewd brain was occupying itself with plans to make that land a paying investment. It seemed to him peculiarly well adapted for the works of a great mining concern, and, never doubting that his partner would approve, he began

Clark \$250,000 for his interest in the land. Thus ended the early friendship and began the lasting emitty of these two picturesque and remarkable men.

and remarkable men.

"Marcus Daly was defeated, but not beaten. Reflecting that one skirmish, however lively, may not decide the fortunes of battle, he bided his time, and kept a sharp lookout for any coveted prize that his foe might set his heart upon. Incidentally he went on making that Anaconda mining property one of the most valuable copper mines in the world. From it he has drawn more than ample means to feed fat his ancient grudge and to induige his own personal fancies as well.

"Clark sneedful found that no matter."

own personal fancies as well.

"Clark speedily found that no matter what he turned his hand to in Montana he had Dily to reckon with. If Clark was in favor of a thing, that was enough; Daly was against it from the word go. In Montana it is a custom for millionaires to own daily newspapers, for their own diversion and also to further their political or business interests. Without going so far as to state that there is an unwritten law in that state on the subject, I must say that it is a popular practice, and one that the rich men are almost driven into, in order to make sure that the paper presents the news as they like to see it. Clark's paper was the Butte Daily Miner. Daly had none, but he straightway started one, the Anaconda Standard.

"Now, Anaconda is only a few miles from "Now, Anaconda is only a few miles from when the two pictures, which were made from photographs. It

Anaconda Standard.

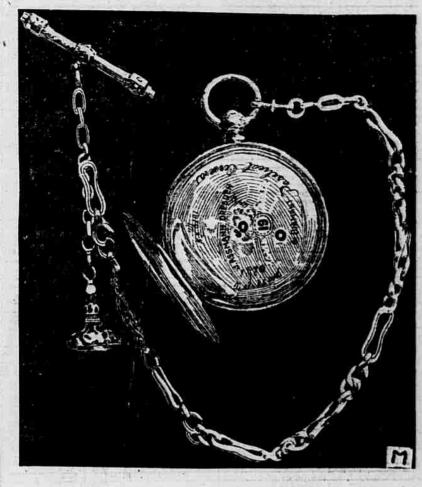
"Now, Anaconda is only a few miles from Butte, and is nothing but a little mining fown anyway. The crying need of a morning paper was not, therefore, apparent, at least from a journalistic point of view, but Daly started one nevertheless, and spared neither pains nor expense to make it a lit was a few hours before that memornically and the little standard of the Cervera.

The watch is shown in the two pictures, which were made from photographs. It is diamond jeweled and has the coat of arms of the Cervera family on the outside case, and on the inside cover of the works the name Paschal Cervera.

It was a few hours before that memornical cases are considered as a few hours before that memornical cases.

LIEUT, BETTIS, OF THE 23D KANSAS. BRINGS IT HOME FROM CUBA.

Given the Officer by the Pilot Who Guided the Admiral's Ship Out of



CERVERA'S WATCH (INNER CASE) AND CHAIN.

"When he had gone too far to retreat Clark returned from abroad. He found that he had Daly on the hip, and, refusing to indores the transaction, demanded his share of the property. The two men became involved in long and costly litigation, which resulted in Daly's having to paystrong rival of the Miner. He put in a special wire from Butte to Anaconda, and established a city editor's office and core in Butte to fully cover the news of costs. Then he ran a special train over from Anaconda, thus put fing his papers on the streets of Butte early every menting. Now has it ever ceased to the present day, or to opiose large and the property of the present day, or to opiose large very plan. Clark his returned the complement by fighting Data the special complement by fighting Data the special complement of the degree of the present his returned the congress from what was then Montana Territory. At the convention Daly seemed to have buried the hatchet, and, through his friends, professed an intention to support the ticket that Clark headed. Be that as it may, there was no doubt where this batchet was burled on election day, for the returns in Daly's county of Deer Lodge and in his other strongholds showed that Clark had been chopped and cut mercilessly—to such an extent, in fact, that Thomas H. Carter, the present senator from Montana, who was his Republican opponent, was elected over Clark.

A few years later, after Montana was admitted to the Union and came to the election of her first senator, a contest over the present senator from Montana, who was his Republican opponent, was elected over Clark.

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A "When he had gone too far to retreat the channels, which were known only to

was his Republican opponent, was elected over Clark.

A few years later, after Montana was admitted to the Union and came to the election of her first senator, a contest over the returns in one of the voting precincts of Clark's county of Silver Bow resulted in a double organization of the legislature, the Democratic end choosing Clark and Martin Maginnis for the senate and the Republican end selecting T. C. Power and W. F. Sanders. Both sets of senators sought admission to the senate, but Power and Sanders were seated. Daly was not so much in evidence in bringing about Clark's defeat at this time as at some others, but it was due entirely to smaller opportunity and not to less inclination.

Daly Blocks Clark's Path.

Daly Blocks Clark's Path.

But in 1893, when the coveted senate seat seemed surely within Clark's reach, it was the relentless figure of Marcus Daly, grim as destiny itself, that blocked his path and thwarted his hope. In the legislature of that year, which was to choose a successor to Colonel Sanders, there were thirty-five Democrats, thirty-three Republicans and Democrats, thirty-three Republicans and three Populists. In their caucus the Democrats selected Clark as their candidate, but there were nine Daly Democrats who, although they had participated in the caucus, refused to abide by its decision, and in the section of the legislature they gave their votes to former Congressman W. W. Dixon, who was brought forward by Daly to checkmate the winning game of his enemy.

to checkmate the winning game of his enemy.

The wires burned with messages from national Democratic leaders, from Whitney and Gorman and Brice, urging the "copper king" to lift his hand from his henchmen so that they could vote for the party candidate and thus save a senator to the Democracy, but Daly heeded them not. The "pound of flesh" of his foe was in the balance, and no consideration of party loyalty could weigh against it.

But as Antonio had a chance for a reckoning, however exacting Shylock might wish to be, so Clark's turn came at length, and he had the satisfaction of beholding Daly in the suckcloth of a humiliating defeat. Montana was to vote on the selection of a capital. Every town of importance in the state of the race. When

"Beauty." sighed the gazelle. "Is, after all, only skin deep!" "Well, we pachyderms ain't kicking," replied the hippopotamus, being altogether deceived as to the motives of the people who stared at her.—Puck.

"The first art, you know, is supposed to cover a period of twenty years." "What a long time between drinks!"

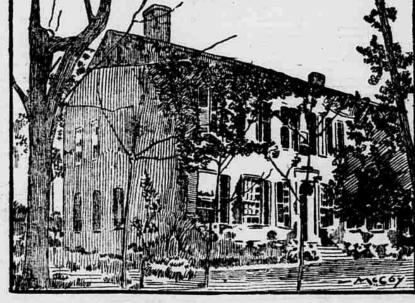
the works of the Anaconda Mining Com- able attempt to escape was made that Admiral Cervera went ashore and called for a volunteer pilot, to guide his ship through



CERVERA'S WATCH.

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wish to be, so Clark's turn came at length,
and he had the satisfaction of beholding
Daly in the succioth of a humiliating defeat. Montana was to vote on the selection of a capital. Every town of importance in the state entered the race. When
the election was held and the votes counted
is was found that Helena and Daly's town
of Anaconda led Butte, Missoula, Bozeman
and all the rest. These two towns, therefore, by the terms of the enablities
fore, by the terms of the enablities
of the mode of the enablities
in an election which was to be decisive,
The whole state lined up for the struggle.
Daly personally directed the fight for
Anaconda, and it will always be a tradition in the "Treasure State" that there
was no lack of "the sinews of war.
The vim and dash of Anaconda's attack,
like the charge at Balaklava. seemed to
make it irresistible.

But in his banking house in Butte sat a
man with a grlevance. Here was an opportunity to even an old and very long spore,
and it was improved to the fullest, as Marcus Daly will always have occasion to remember. At the moment that Clark,
shrewd, resourceful and spurred by the
enthusiasm of revenge, entered the listare was hever more grim as the state
armed for battle. When the work on the
between more grim as the state
armed for battle. When the votes, after
the stirring election, were all counted it
was found that Clark had won, Helena
as the guest of the city, and he was feted
and honored as a conquering hero. Daly
retired to his great stock farm in the vair
ley of the Bitter Root, nursing his deep
disappointment and praying for the day
when he stopped for a short time
all, only the feet of the same of the city of the
starting of the bitter of the solitors of the structure
and the substitute of the structure
as the size of the city, and he was feted
and honored as a conquering hero. Daly
retired to his great stock farm in the vair
ley of the Bitter Root, nursing his deep
disappoi



doorsteps. We saw we had four people who couldn't shoot out of the covered bridge we passed through, and we just said we'd show them how to hunt. When we'd got about two miles from the Manor—those feilows stopped a half dozen times, too, to take a drink—we showed them how to get through a barbed wire fence. We soon came across some fresh tracks and the party separated. One of the men said to another: 'You bring the Klittie with me.' I didn't know whether he meant me or Annie, and I said: 'Not Klittie, My name's Hattie and her's is Annie.' They had quite a laugh about something and we all went on together.

Kind of Hunters They Are.

"Pretty soon we tracked a rabbit into some heavy grass and a big jack jumped out. You know how rabbits run. They all fired at him and never harmed a hair of his little bob tail. Then Annie let go her first barrel and over went the rabbit. We all did the trick for them until we had six rabbits, Annie and I taking turns knocking them over, the 'sportsmen' missing several in manuscript of the song was for many large for missing several in the state. Its into the first brick hat Stephen Collins Foster composed his immortal song. 'My Old Kentucky Home.'

We shad four people who do we was the down home about two hunters they does not the most interesting family residences in the Boston Heraid.

One of the most interesting family residences in the pole for the war. Besides this manuscript a gold headed cane and the mode of the first brick house, which is a commodious structure of brick, was erected in 1795, and is one of three of the first brick house, which is a commodious structure of brick, was erected in 1795, and is one of three of the first brick house, which is an office a trick of the made and interesting family residences in the pole for the war. Besides this manuscript a gold house, which is a commodious to the first brick house, which is a commodious to the first brick house, which is a commodious and the mode of the first brick house, which is a commodious and the mode of t

HERE IS THE ORIGINAL "MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME."

SCENES AND CHARACTERS AT THE TRIAL OF JACK KENNEDY AT MANSFIELD. famous Missouri "yellow legged chicken" among which they spend their eventless forms a prominent feature of the bill of fare is the hub about which the whole place revolves. A postoffice, half a dozen "general stores" and a representative village blacksmith shop are points prominent in the local eye.

In the midst of the land of hog and homitoward which the countryside eye is ever turned. The hardy and unkempt Ozark mountaineers, who eke out a precarious living with their guns and filled stills, living in constant fear of United States officers, make this their rendezvous when "out for a frolic."

among which they spend their eventless lives, at the land that has no history" is a true axiom, then this middle constant the land of joy. They sears ago a man was hanged near here. Five thousand people were present. Abraham Lincoln is spoken of indefinitely girls in that county. She lives girls in that county is a girl she hard of it yet. Abraham Lincoln is spoken of indefinitely as the man who "freed the niggers," and they talk of it yet. Abraham Lincoln is spoken of indefinitely girls in that county. She lives girls in that county. She lives girls in that county is a fler shot par excellence. The home of her father in Livingston Manor is one of elegance. For a week who is also a rifle shot of some note.

The girls train was not even out of curl. This broke all records for the present sea-history" is a true axiom, then this middle son, although rabbits, son, although rab

ing in constant fear of United States officers, make this their rendezvous when "out for a frolic." And these days they are thronging the streets, their gaunt, scraggly bearded faces forming a strangely appropriate background to the picture in which razorback hogs, canvas-topped mountain schooners and bony little nags are the most prominent features. They have come to "town" astride of hardy little ponies, as unkempt in appearance as their riders, with saddle bags puffed out with the cornbread and fat pork upon which they will live for the few days they will be here. An invariable attachment to each pommel is a suspicious looking lug which contains what is variously termed "mountain dew," "corn juice," "bug juice," or "white line." It is whisky of the rawest kind, in most cases fresh from the worm of some carefully sequestered still in one of the deep hollows of the many rugged Ozark ravines. They build fires at night in the many vacant places about the town, and the "square," about which the little buildings of the place buddle, fairly scintillates with the glowing blaze of hickory logs in the wintry nights. A banjo tinkles merrily here and there to some old dance music, and they vie with one another in that accomplishment which they all possess of "shaking their feet." It is a strange seen of a strange land.

A Rugged Land.

A Rugged Land.

A Rugged Land.

of the place builds, farry scellings with the centre of the place builds, farry scellings with the centre of the place builds, farry scellings with the centre of the place builds and the second of the place of the centre of a strong lead. It is a transport of a strong lead. It is a transport of a strong lead of the centre of a strong lead. It is a transport of a strong lead of the centre of a strong lead. It is a transport of a strong lead of the centre of the cent